

D I G G O N D A V T's
R E S O L U T I O N

On the *DEATH* of his last *COW*.

A

P A S T O R A L.

Dii meliora piis erroremque hostibus illum. *VIRG.*

L O N D O N:

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[*Price Six-pence.*]

D. T. G. O. M. D. N. Y. S.

R. E. S. O. L. U. T. I. O. N.

On the Death of his late COW.

A

P. A. S. T. O. R. A. L.

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I. O. M. D. N. Y. S.

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[Price 25 cents]





DIGGON DAVY's
RESOLUTION.

A
PASTORAL.

DIGGON DAVY AND COLIN CLOUT.

BENEATH an Hawthorn's Bush, secreted
 Shade,
 The Herdsman DIGGON doleful ply'd his

Spade;

The deep'ning Grave conceal'd him to the Head,

Near him his Cow, his fav'rite Cow, lay dead:

When

When o'er the neighb'ring Stile a Shepherd came,
The Herdsman's Friend, and COLIN was his Name :
Touch'd with the Sight, the kind and guileless Swain
Sigh'd, shook his Head, and thus express'd his Pain.

COLIN.

How ! *Mully* gone ! — the sad Mischance I rue !
Ah ! wretched DIGGON, but more wretched SUE !

DIGGON.

How could I hope, where such Contagion reigns,
Where one wide Ruin sweeps the desert Plains,
Where ev'ry Gale contains the Seeds of Death,
That DIGGON's Kine should draw untainted Breath ?
Vain Hope, alas ! if such my Heart had known,
Since *Mully's* gone, the last of all my own.
No more shall SUSAN skim the milky Stream ;
No more the Cheese-curd press, or churn the Cream ;
No more the Dairy shall my Steps invite,
So late the Source of Plenty and Delight :
Thither no more, with SUSAN, shall I stray,
Nor from her cleanly Hands receive the Whey.

Sad

Sad Plight is ours, nor ours alone, for all
Mourn the still Meadow, and deserted Stall.

COLIN.

But have you, DIGGON, all those Methods try'd,
By book-learn'd Doctors taught, when Cattle dy'd?
Or, tho' no Doctor's Remedies prevail,
Does the good Bishop's fam'd *Tar-Water* fail?

DIGGON.

Each Art I try'd, did all that Man cou'd do;
Med'cines I gave; like Poison Med'cines flew:
The Bishop's Drink, which snatch'd me from the Grave.
Giv'n to my Cow, forgot its Pow'r to save:
The dire Disease increas'd by swift Degrees,
Till Death! freed *Mully*, Death! which all Things free

COLIN.

I wou'd not, DIGGON, now your Grief renew,
Yet wish to hear her Sicknes trace'd by You;
How first it seiz'd her, and what Change its Rage
Relentless wrought in each successive Stage.

D I G G O N.

Dejected first, she hung her drooping Head;
 Refus'd her Meat, and from her Pasture fled;
 Then, dead and languid seem'd her plaintive Eye;
 Her Breath grew noisome, and her Udder dry.
 Erst sweet that Breath as Morning Gales in *May*,
 And full that Udder as of Light the Day.
 Scorch'd with perpetual Thirst, short Sighs she drew,
 Furr'd was her Tongue, and to her Mouth it grew:
 Her burning Nostrils putrid Rheums distill'd,
 And Death's strong Agonies her Bowels fill'd:
 Each Limb contracted, and a Groan each Breath;
 Lost Ease I wish'd her, and it came in Death:—
 Cast out infected, and abhorr'd by all;
 See how the Useful, and the Beauteous fall!
 Not ev'n her Skin, when living, sleek and red,
 Can ought avail me, COLIN, now she's dead.

C O L I N.

May Heav'n, relenting, happier Days bestow,
 Suspend the Rod, and smile away our Wo!

But,

But, if in Justice for our Crimes we smart,
 If with Affliction Heav'n corrects the Heart,
 'Tis ours submissive to receive the Stroke,
 Since to repine is only to provoke.

D I G G O N.

Hard is the Task from Murmurs to refrain ;
 Ev'n Blessings past increase the present Pain.
 Once, in these Vales my lowing Herds were fed,
 My Table Plenty crown'd, and Peace my Bed ;
 My jocund Pipe then tune'd to am'rous Lays,
 A Kiss repaid me for a Lover's Praise.
 Bless'd Times, farewell ! no more those Herds are found,
 No more my Table is with Plenty crown'd ;
 No more my Bed the Sleep of Peace bestows ;
 No more my jocund Strain melodious flows ;
 A Lover's Praise a Kiss rewards no more ;
 Joy spreads his wanton Wings, and leaves the Shore.
 Pale Want remains, with all her meagre Train,
 And only Sighs are echoed o'er the Plain.
 Far hence I'll fly, this rustic Garb forego,
 And march in Red, a Soldier, to the Foe :

The *French*, whose Bosoms Papish Plots conceal,
 My Hand, made heavy by Distress, shall feel.
 On *Flanders* Plains I'll lose domestick Care,
 Desp'rate thro' Want, and mighty thro' Despair.
 And there, if Heav'n at length my Labours crown,
 I'll sow false *Frenchmen*, and I'll reap Renown.
 SUSAN, farewell!---

C O L I N.

Zooks! Yonder, wo'er the Mead
 The 'Squire's curst Mastiff scours with headlong Speed:
 See how my Flock in wild Confusion lies—
 'Shigs—if I catch him—by this Hand he dies.

F I N I S.